

Crime Wave Tehran by Vinnie Paz

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[Intro:]

Warning signs of satanic behavior may be apparent. Such as;

A sudden bitterly antagonistic attitude towards family and religion

A drastic decline in academic performance

A reclusive behavior pattern and listening exclusively to heavy metal rock music almost to the point of addiction

When one or more of these warning signs are evident, you should look further for ritual items such as a pentagram or other satanic symbols, black or red rose, a decorative dagger or knife, a chalice or goblet, black candles, a personal diary with a black cover which is called a book of shadows, and copies of publications, such as The satanic bible and the satanic rituals, and possibly, a small makeshift altar

If you discover items such as these, experts advise that you contact your local law enforcement agency at once

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

This is Boxcutter business, this is blade in the hand

I'm pulling rank on you muhfuckas—chain of command

This Moroccan feds akhi, this is granules of sand

This is made of pure linen, this is ancient Iran

Notre Dame sign, Quasimodo and shit

The magazine empty out, I'm reloadin' the shit

It was no fair, I was tryna live in the now

Mama scared, I ain't goin' to her crib through a while

This the master builder, this the Yamisaki

Have a bunch of hitters clap you from the Kawasaki

Epuki givin' footage to D's

That's what happen when you can't see the wood for the trees

A couple rounds popped into his visage

How can an unpolished mirror reflect an image?

It's always motion, action and devotion

And you ain't thinkin' homie, you reactin' off emotion

[Hook: Chinaski Black]

Put your vest on

Little homie put your vest on

Put your vest on

I'ma shooter motherfucker, put your vest on
Put your vest on
I got bullets for you partner, put your vest on
Yo, put your vest on

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

The maiden bathin' in a clear pool of fresh water
This the hierophant's chalice, this the next slaughter
Perpendicular of the pyramid dress altar
I was taught the brazen bull is the best torture
If it ain't one thing, it's another
And I don't wait for motion, I'm a different muhfucka
Fools die, Mario Puzo
They slumped him like Angelo Bruno
He saw the Iron Ages like a Canaanite
It's bags of trees here, vegetation heist
You say my name, I'm fucking you up
Y'all are clout-chasin' homie and enough is enough
Gun brawls, hand-to-hand, homie it's whatever
It's talking and it's action, and nobody live forever
So get yourself a blicky and chill
Or the ox is coming out, buck 50 is grill
Toma!

[Hook: Chinaski Black]

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